A NEW SONG,
CALLED,
the BRAVE TARS of OLD ENGLAND,
OR,
Duncan's Victory
OVER THE
DUTCH FLEET.
AND
Ma chere Amie.
Sailor Boy.

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The Sailor Boy.

IT was early in Spring,
I went on board to ſerve the King,
The raging ſeas and the winds blew hi
That parted me and my ſailor boy
I wiſh I had a little boat
That o'er the Ocean I might float,
To watch the French as I paſs by
Inquiring for my Sailor boy
We had not Sailed but an hour or t
When ſhe beheld the wh[illegible] Ships crew
My whole ſhips crew tell unto me
If my ſweet william is on board with th
Your ſweet william he don't ſail hee
And for his loſs we greatly fear
On yon green Iſl nd as we paſſed by,
It's there we loſt your young ſailor B
She wrung her hands and ſhe tore
hair,
Like a fair maiden in deep deſpair,
Her boat ſhe flung againſt the rock
Crying what ſhall I do ſince my true lo
loſt.
I'll tell my dream to the hills high;
And all the ſmall birds as they fly,
Ah happy, happy is the girl ſhe cried,
That has her true-love by her ſide.
Come all ye Seamen now dreſs in bl
And all you ladies dreſs in the ſame,
From the Cabbin boy to the main m
high,
And mourn in black for my Sailor b

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OVER THE
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Tune—"*English Roaſt Beef.*"

Long Time of the Sea had Old England been Queen,
When Republican France thought to alter the ſcene;
So ſhe work'd day and night to make up a Marine,
To fight the brave Tars of Old England,
And to fight with the bold Britiſh Tars.

But the day they met *Howe* on the Seas they may rue;
For to ſhew them the difference he very well knew,
Twixt three-coloured cockades and the Britiſh true blue.
Huzza for the Tars of Old England,
And Huzza for the bold Britiſh Tars.

They were ſwept from the Seas on the Land high and dry,
'Till they ventured their luck in a fog nce to try;

But a ſtorm ſent them back—pleas'd in harbour to lie.
Secure from the Tars of Old England,
Secure from the bold Britiſh Tars.

Yet unwilling with Britain's dominion t'agree,
They made up ſome rods of their Liberty Tree,
And with them they laſh'd other folks out to ſea,
To meet the brave Tars of Old England,
And to fight with the bold Britiſh Tars,

Spaniſh Dons in great force of big Ships then were ſeen,
But *Jervis* and *Nelſon* to fight them were keen,
So they fought and they beat Twenty-ſeven with fifteen
Mann'd by the brave Tars of Old England,
Mann'd by the true bold Britiſh Tars.

Then the French cramm'd their Principles down the Dutch Throats,
And Mynheers were compell'd for ter their notes,
To doff all their breeches and turn *Sans-Culottes*, *

* *This Word means Men without any Breeches: as we ſay, Fellows without a ſtitch of Clothes to their Backs. The Frenchmen call them Democrats.*

And to fight the brave Tars of Old England,
And to fight with the bold Britiſh Tars.

To recover their Cape ſoon a ſquadron was found,
They ſlipp'd us—ſo theſe they got ſafely and ſound.
But *Elphinſtone* ſhew'd they'd got into Lob's Pound—
They were nabb'd by the bold Britiſh Tars.

Then ſays Monſieur "as Mynheer your Trade is all loſt
"Rig a Fleet to join our's, and invade Britain's Coaſt.
But this reck'ning they made without minding their Hoſt,
Without thinking of Tars of Old England
Or thinking of bold Britiſh Tars.

For to block up Breſt harbour Lord *Bridport* ſet ſail,
And the Mouth of the Texel our Fleet did not fail
To block up and keep the Dutch rogues in their gaol,
Hemm'd in by the Tars of Old England,
And hemm'd by the bold Britiſh Tars.

or Fleet to refit it had juſt ſailed away,
When the Cat being gone the Mouſe
came out to play,
But this Play it became woeful earneſt
that Day,
Laid on by the Tars of Old England,
And laid on by the bold Britiſh Tars.

For the News of their ſailing had ſcarce
reach'd our ears,
When our anchors flew up to the tune of
three Cheers,
And away for the Texel to fight the My-
nheers,
Away went the Tars of Old England,
Away went the brave Britiſh Tars.

With their lubberly hulks to ſheer off
were in vain,
For as we got between them their Port
could they gain,
So they took the reſolve a hard fight to
maintain,
Againſt the brave Tars of Old England,
Againſt the brave bold Britiſh Tars.

'Twas twelve when the Signal for Action
was given,
Then our Guns ope'd their Throats like
the Thunder from Heaven,
And [illegible] the Dutch Fleet off the wa:

ter were driven,
Shatter'd by Tars of Old England,
Smash'd to shivers by bold British Tars.

Their Hulls were a riddle—their canvas
a rag,
Ten struck—with their Vice and their
Admiral's Flag,
So their friends had on shore no great
matters to brag,
Of Success 'gainst the Tars of Old Eng-
land,
Of Success 'gainst the bold British Tars.

Each Landsman may now rest secure in
bed,
For Invasion's no more hanging over his
head.
Who the French Fleet or Spanish or
Dutch now would dread,
When protected by Tars of Old England,
When protected by bold British Tars.

But by night or in fog should they give
us the slip,
Youv'e loyal stout Soldiers their wings
who can clip,
Let them fight but on shore as they fight
on board Ship,
And copy the Tars of Old England,
And copy the bold British Tars.

Duncan's health, boys, fill up, may he
fresh glories bring,
Fill the glass to Old England and Health
to the King,
And let Democrats, Frenchmen, and
Dutchmen all swing,
Huzza! for the Tars of Old England,
Huzza! for the bold British Tars.
Huzza! Boys! Huzza!

MA CHERE AMIE.

MA chere amie, my charming fair,
Whose smiles can banish ev'ry care
In kind compassion smile on me,
Whose only care is love of thee,
Ma chere amie, ma chere amie,
Ma chere amie.

Under sweet Friendship's sacred name,
My bosom caught the tender flame;
May Friendship in thy bosom be,
Converted into Love for me.
Ma chere amie, &c.

Together rear'd together grown,
Oh! let us now unite in one.
Let Pity soften thy decree,
I droop dear maid, I die for thee,
Ma chere amie, &c.

FINIS.